Che Red Albert Circle Cheyson Tayson

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER." "CALEB CON-OVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

gloom. Mary groped her way.

lintel of a door.

the alley, outside.

interested butler.

Please!

her beets.

1180.

She found the opposite wall, and foit along its all but unseen surface.

At the farthest corner, her numbed

fingers touched what they sought-the

It was the garage's little back door,

giving on the alley, behind the

grounds. For one suicidal moment

she thought this back door was locked

But it was only stuck from long dis-

weight against the dirt-crusted portal.

A shower of dust and spiders' webs

cascaded down upon her head. But

She heard voices one of them

Lamar's. And again she cast berself

against the door. This time it flew

wide; with a whining o' hinges and a

clatter of falling debris; and the rush

of her onset drove her half way across

Darting back to close the door be

hind her, the old woman cast a fearful

look up and down the alley. The coast

was clear. Incontinently Mary took to

Max Lamar clung doggedly to the

coat corner that protruded from the

garage's front door. He heard mut-

fled noises from within. But they were

so faint and the door was so thick.

that he could not classify them. Nor

indeed, had he time to. For present

ly. June reappeared around the corner

of the big house. With her were a hat

less and rather annoyed-looking som

an in a morning gown and a highly

"Madam, I am very sorry to disturb

you like this. But we have chased a

thief into your garage, as Miss Travis

has probably explained to you. I have

hold of this corner of the fugitive's

coat, as you see. Will you let me

break the lock of your garage door

"If I may suggest," said the woman

in frigid politeness, "it might be better

to go into the garage by the back door

before breaking my locks. Had that

vis. will you hold the coat corner for

me while I go around to investigate?

If I let go of this coat-Miss Tra

"Why, yes," quaveringly assented

June, taking hold if the cloth, along-

side Lamar's own grip. "I'll do my best. I'm pretty strong."

face close against the door.

and "Mary! Mary!"

empty coat.

her dress.

ened

with swift relief.

As he disappeared, June pressed her

"Mary!" she whispered eagerly;

No answer. Then in a moment, the

sound of a key in the lock. The door

swung open. The woman of the house

stood in the garage threshold June

found herself holding the corner of the

June, her temples pulsing and buzzing

"Yes." snapped the woman, "she got out of the coat and then out of the

back door. Your detective friend is

exploring the alley for her. I'm going

quite amusing. Almost as amusing as

A new terror beset June the cost

that she still held, was a menace. She

began to realize this: Lamar would

assuredly seize upon it as a clue. From

the maker's name, he could in time

the label. With a jerk she tore if

away and thrust it into the front of

She beard Lamar returning, and

"Well?" queried June, interestedly,

she carelessly dropped the coat across

as Max came in sight around the cor-

ner of the garage. "What news of

"Got clean away," he reported, sulk-

He caught sight of the coat lying

where June had dropped it. His look

of chagrin brightened to one of keen

eagerness. He snatched the coat from

the greasy floor and twisted around so

as to bring the inside of the neckband

into view. And again his face dark-

"Clever woman!" he muttered

"Even the tailor's label is gone. Well,

there's only one thing left to do. I'll

take this coat to police headquarters

and have Allen send a man around

with it to every tailor in the city

One of them is bound to recognize it

And we'll catch our woman that way.

They left the grounds and gained

"I want to thank you ever so much

Miss Travis," he said, "for being such

a brick; and helping me as you have.

today. But for your showing me where you had seen the Veiled Wom-

an. I should never have gotten on her

glad to be of any help. When I was

hanging on to that ridiculous coat-

corner, like grim death, I felt quite a

"There's another thing." he said.

hesitatingly. "A thing I hate like blue

potson to say; but it's got to be said.

"It wasn't," she contradicted, "I was

track. It was splendid of you."

before another day's ended."

the sidewalk.

heroine. But-

She turned the cost over, exposing

Field day at a lunatic asylum."

trace its ownership to her.

the sill of the open door.

"No trace of her."

she she is gone?" stammered

occurred to you, Mr. Detective?"

and get in? Of course, I'll pay-"

the door quivered at the impact.

She threw her whole fragile

SYNOPSIS.

"Circle Jim" Borden, who derives his quoted name from a red birthmark on the back of the right hand, is released from prison after serving his third term. One misoner of every generation of the Borden family has been branded with the Red time birthmore and that member has always less a criminal. Jim and his record on Tellar the only known hymes of the Borden kin, Max Lamar a design of the Borden kin, Max Lamar a design of the Borden kin, Max Lamar a

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

IN STRANCE ATTIRE

Max Lamar, gripping with both hands the corner of the black coat that protruded from the locked garage drove his shoulder ful! against the door panel, again and again. But the wood held firm.

'It seems to be a deadlock." laughed June, forcing her merriment with a

Wiss Travis," broke in Lamar, "will you help me? I can't let go here. Will you harry around to the front door of the house this garage belongs to. and explain matters? Then ask leave for me to break the door down. I can do it if you'll hold the coat corner for

'Shan't I hold it now?" suggested lune; an idea flashing into her fearsick mind. "I'll hold the coat while you try to amash the lock."

"I don't like to batter down people's preparty," he answered, "even in the name of the law-without asking their

Besides," he added, "this Veiled Woman is strong. Whenever she tugs at her cont, it's all I can do to hold my corner of it. She might wrench it

out of your hands." agreed June, under her breath, "that's exactly what I mean

But she forebore to say it aloud. And after a second look at Lamar's set jaw she meekly turned away toward the house.

Mary, on the inner side of the garage door, had listened, panting, to



"Even the Tailor's Label le Gone!"

the brief dialogue. As she heard June's light step receding on the driveway gravel, she threw all her strength into one last wrench at the recalcitrant

Lamar's grasp unshakable. But the tue caused two of the coat's upper buttons to fly half way across the garage. One of Mary's lean shoulders slipped out of the garment. That gave the captive woman her inspiration.

in trembling haste, she unfastened the remaining buttons. Freeing herself, she left the imprisoned coat to fall to the greasy floor of the garage-Max Lamar still gripping its corner. on the door's far side, with futile

Across the greasy floor, through the

When that Jap butler of yours showed you the torn note, an hour ago," said Max, uncomfortably, "de you know what I thought? I thought all right! It's all right, honey! you were the Veiled Woman."

"Mr. Lamar!" eried June, her sweet voice vibrant with amount reproach. "Won't you forgive me?" he pleaded. What was I to think? It all seemed to fit in, with such horrible exact ness. How else could I account for part of the stolen note being found in your room? And your explanation seemed so lame-so unconvincing The simple truth often does, you know Won't you forgive me, please?"

"You-you doubted my word?" murmured June, incredulously. "You actually thought that I could—?"

"I'm so ashamed!" he broke in "But I paid for my mistake. I never was row morning." life than I was at that very moment. Nothing could make me suspect you again." he concluded vehemently.

The moment she was in her own room the lightness of manner fell from her, like an fil-fitting garment. Her face was suddenly drawn and hag-

Gradually the Red Circle crept into sight on the back of her white hand. Nothing can stop him." she re-"Nothing can save me except myself!"

Taking her room telephone from the desk, she ordered her limousine

brought from the garage. Ten minutes later June Travis entered a men's outfitter's shop of the cheaper sort, on a downtown street. To the very admiring clerk who strutted forth from the back of the store to welcome her, she said:

'My brother is to leave the hospital today. He is recovering from smallpox.-Don't be frightened. I haven't been near him.-- He has just telephoned me that they destroyed all | his clothes, to prevent infection. And he wants me to buy him a new out-

Lamar, meantime, swept like a whirlwind into the private office of Chief of Police Ailer. "Got her!" he announced. "At least

I've got held of one end of the chain a little scratchnad and a pencil. With

"How ominous!" she laughed. "What dreamed it was you, until I saw that miserable coat stuck in the garage son in the detective bureau." door. Why, you might have been arrested and all sorts of terrible things!

"There, there!" soothed Mary, "It's do a million times more a that for my little girl, any day in the whole The officer's eyes never for an inyear. Just you forget all about what stant left the coat that hung over his I did. It's what I'm here for."

"Forget it?" cried June. Never as long as I live! Oh, Mary, you were

The girl's eyes narrowed The back of her right hand began to throb.

"I'm so tired!" she murmured, "and I'm so faint, with all this fright and danger. I'm given me a sick head-sche. I'm going to bed Tell mother, won't you? And say I don't want any dinner sent up to me. I want to go sleep and not be disturbed till tomor

Chief Allen still sat in his private office, clearing up some odds and ends of the day's official routine, before going to his club for a belated dinner Night had fallen, but a broad streak of moonlight lay athwart the window

His secretary came in from the outer office.

"Young fellow outside there, chief," he announced. "Wants to see you. He's a dummy. Not deaf, but he's dumb. Here's a note he scribbled for

He's from Mr. Lamar." The chief took the slip of paper his secretary tendered, and read the three written lines it contained:

I am dumb. Cannot talk. But I lice. Mr. Lamar sent me.

"Oh, all right. All right," grunted the chief. "I suppose I'll get my dinner some time between now and Carist-mas, if I have luck. Bring him in." The secretary vanished, reappearing in a moment with a young man in

The visitor was quietly dressed and wore on his head a golf cap, which it evidently did not occur to him to remove in the august presence of the

a crook-handled Malacca cane. · Unbidden, the caller seated himself gracefully in a chair beside the chief's desk and drew from his pocket.

chief. He also carried under one arm

back here and deposit it with Huma-

For seven or eight blocks, after sh loft police headquarters June Travia I'd hurried on, from street to street, Policeman Meeks ever close at her side. companion's arm.

The girl was in despair. She had planned so cleverly this kidnaping of the coat!

She was helpless, despairing. with the blind instinct of the despair ing, she unconsciously turned her steps homeward.

Where does this cutter of yours live, anyhow, Dummy?" the policeman was asking.

June paused, uncertainly. This farce could not go on much longer. Meeks was beginning to grow suspicious. A quarter block ahead, the boulevard split into a "Y." At the left it continued at its present level. At the right ran a flight of forty marble steps. leading downward to a terraced avenue one tier below the boulevard on the city's hillside.

And then, as ever of late in her moments of direct need, an inspiration came to the girl.

Once more she took up her former brisk stride; the grumbling Meeks close behind her. As they came to the fork of the boulevard, she baited agnin

"Well, growled Meeks, "which way, now?

She pointed down the long flight of marble steps, snowy in the vivid can hear. I must see the chief of po- moonlight. The man hesitated. She clanced at him and saw the reason. His eyes were fixed in stupid wonder at the right hand with which she was pointing. On the surface of the hand cleamed the Red Circle; mercilessly distinct in the clear light.

June caught the policeman roughty by the arm with her other hand, point ed again toward the terrace beneath them, and started down the steps at a

Fearful of losing eight of the precious coat, the policeman also broke into a lumbering run, protesting "Hey! Go easy there! What's your

hurry? Want me to break my neck?" Even as he spoke. June planted her feet firmly on one broad step and came to an abrupt standstill. Meeks could not check his own speed as suddenly. So he lunged ahead a step or two.

deftly awung her stick; holding it by the ferule end. The crook handle caught Policeman Meeks neatly around the left ankle. At the same instant, June braced

As he lumbered past her, the girl

herself, and jerked backward with the Policeman Meeks' body smote the

stairway about six steps farther down; bounded in air; missed a step or two; then struck the stairway again and proceeded to roll rapidly down the remaining twenty-four steps. For a bare half-second, the patrol man lay half-stunned and breathless. Then he scrambled groaningly to his feet, sore all over. "Gone!" creaked Policeman Meeks.

still catching his breath with difficulty. "Gone!"

It was Yama's custom, on moonlit nights, to take his Japanese flute from his tin trunk in the storeroom and to fare forth into the farthest reaches of the Travis garden; there to lean pen-sively against a tree in the midst of a clump of shrubs, and, his eyes on the moon, to play sentimental and hideous Japanese melodies to it.

Tonight, Yama was tootling away right dreamfully, when the sound of back to headquarters with me, on the crackling bushes broke in upon his

He stepped out of the shrubbers clump to investigate. Then, the flutfell from his nerveless fingers and he stared goggle eyed.

Across a patch of lawn a figure was running; its feet soundless on the turf. The figure reached the house. aused, at the bottom of a vine trellis; then skillfully began to climb the trel

It reached a second-story balcony stepped over the railing and began to fumble with the long French windows of a room. The windows opened and the figure glided into the room; softly closing the windows behind it.

The spell was broken. With a yell of alarm. Yame grabbed up his fallen flute and dashed for the house. A secand or so latter burst unceremonious ly into the library where Mrs. Travis and Mary were sitting.

'Scuse!" be sputtered. "'Scuse. please! But man climb up to honorable Miss June's room!"

The women flew upstairs. prudently arming himself with a large poker, followed.

When he reached the second floor Mrs. Travis was already hammering frantically at the locked outer door of Jane's suite.

"What is it?" called a drowsy voice from inside. "Quick!" called Mary. "Let us

dearie! There's a man-"In a minute," yawned June's voice from the bedroom; "I can't find the

light. The Lat. never pausing for an instant, was hurling her manly attire into a closet, garment by garment, as she replied. She tore off her wig. shock down her hair, flung a negligee wrapper around her, rumpled the pil-

lows and threw back the coverings of her bed, and presently appeared. sleepily blinking, in the doorway. "My dear! My dear!" shrilled Mrs. Travis. "Come out quickly. There's a burglar in your rooms."

"A burglar?" repeated June, sleepily

cross. "How silly! There can't be. 'Who saw this wonderful burglar?" she asked as they finished poking be- (END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT

bind the partieres of the sitting room. 'Or he thought he did."

"Oh!" laughed June, "Yama, eh? I might have known it. This is the fourth burglar in six months that Yama has discovered, and that nobody but Yama was able to see. And ha has waked us with no less than three Breless fire scares."

"But," insisted Yams, "I did saw him. He climbed the trellis to bedroom window there an-

"That bedroom window leading out on the balcony is locked from the inside," reported Mrs. Travis. "I tried the fastenings myself, just now. Yama, if you give us ony more foolish scares like this-

"And please," begged June, "if the burglar ghost is quite exploded, won't you all run away and let me get back



The Back of Her Hand Began to Throb.

to bed! My head aches frightfully It was all right when you waked me up Now it's starting in again. Good she went on, kinsing Mrs. Travis and then Mary, "I'm so sorry you two old dears were frightened Yama seems to be giving us rather more than our share of the yellow

But she carefully syouded Mary's questioning eyes as she spoke.

Chief Allen's delayed dinner was destined to still further postponement. As he sauntered into his club and headed for the dining room, the first person he chanced to see was Max Lamer

"Look here, old man," the chief hailed him in mock rage. "If I starve to a. ith it'll be your fault. What the deuce do you mean by sending that Noiseless Tailor to see me just when I'm starting out to feed?"

"What Noiseless Tailor?" asked Lamar, mystified, "a tailor's dummy?" "No. a dummy tailor. The one you sent to look at that Veiled Woman coat. The young fellow who save his namo's Attman or something like

that: He blew in on me just as I was getting ready to-" "Who blew in on you?" demanded Lamar. "I haven't sent anyone to

see you today." "Your mind's softening at the edges," accused the chief. "I'm speaking of that indies' tailor who came from you, ten minutes ago, to get the coat-

"I tell you," reiterated Lamar, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen any ladies' tai-

"Good Lord!" groaned the chief, in sudden consternation. "Sold out! He's got the coat and-say! Come run, Lamar.

They bolted from the club, jumped into a taxicab at the door and set out at top speed for police headquarters. in a dozen sentences, as they rode, Chief Allen outlined the story of June's visit. As he finished his frown cleared away.

"We're getting all het up over nothing at all," he said. "I forgot; Meeks is with him. I told him to keep his eyes on the cost.

The taxi stopped in front of police headquarters. As the two men got out they saw a disheveled form limp up the steps just shead of them.

'Meeks!" yelled the chief. Policeman Meeks tried to salute fauntily. But the effort was a ghastly

"The coat!" thundered the chief as he dragged Meeks into his private office; Lamar followed close behind them, and shut the door. "The coat! Where is it? And where's the crook you were told to keep watch on

Speak up! Where is he?" "I don't know, chief." babbled Meeks, almost in tears; "he done me up. Rolled down a flight of steps

"You ape!" sparled Chief Allen you blundering, cowardly bonehead You let a man half your size do you up? You-"He tripped me," sniffled Meeks,

"When I got up he had beat it." "With the coat?" asked Lamar, flercely. "Yessir! 'Twasn't my fault.

"I'll have you broke for this, you nincompoon!" stormed the chief. "Got clean away, did he? Coat and all? And not a clue to find him by?" "Only one clue," coweringly assent-

ed Meeks, "and that don't amount to anything, I s'pose." "What was it?"

"He-he had a big, red ring- a birthmark like-on the back of his

chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Cirole-again!"

"Yama saw him," said Mrs. Travis. RUMANIA FEARS

Press of Bucharest Points Out That Slightest Hostile Move May Subject Country to Disruption.

Victor Broness has only be cutral powers strong our hada of cale, mostly wheat fullon corn there which presented it has been nd we appear introduction were the will be appropriate to the windows.

Humania was obliged to well in the attra powers because the carries anyboats who The charge of character has beened the

of powers have passed a great con-nic advancace. Russams must selcobsidered and as important here. between and Aparta-Housers then

that in addition to selling to the or empires Enmatia is also expert-or much food to tinigaria, and wen Turkey in Europe. Though there a latter supply of wheat, barley and ours these easily, owing to limited affroad transport facilities. Surpose ow than Anatolian unmilled grain. he city administration of Consequi-opte has just concluded a securact of a large quantity of door walch flus being equal to about 2,000 carboids, both of this has already need rushed

In addition to having no number for Rumenton grain and other toodstiffs, Russia has enough mineral oil of low own, so Rumanto will be obliged to all this accessity to the central power roup of belligorests. Negotiation or a more advantageous sale mode re said to be in progress.

flumania's attimute in them rentters, too, but a diplements backer and, the government alongs to remain neutral so four as possible, and it is declared she will join the central powers. uniters obliges her to take action. Volt-informed stycles here explain he striction in this manner. The re-ent mining of the Rumanian Danobe trotches seems to support this rive, he mining of these waters would see crease no other than Russian ship-

Meanwithile the Amcharest press from num to speak in plain terms of her Strong There is still a turn Ami-Moldaya never weary in posterior of that a heatile move by Entration outly make the country a

Unsteady Nerves.

office the result of indigestion, de-Tonic Discretive is a standard reneal. A good remedy for all atments due to a bad stomach. Price \$1.00. Others Fug Co., sole agents.

A woman can't win a man by merely making him comfortable. But she can often do so by keeping him guessing.

Eph Wiley doubts that men lived longer in biblical times. Eph says it only seemed longer.

Henry Watterson has called attention to the fact that one cannot unlock a nightlatch with a corkserew. And there is also reasonable assurance for the assertion that one cannot shave himself with a stepladder.

SEVERE PUNISHMENT

Of Mrs. Chappell, of Five Years' Standing, Relieved by Cardui.

Mt. Airy, N. C.—Mrs. Sarah M. Chap-pell of this town, says: "I suffered for live years with womanly troubles, also stomach troubles, and my punishment was more than any one could tell."

I tried most every kind of medicine, but none did me any good. I read one day about Cardui, the wo-man's tonic, and I decided to try it. I had not taken but about six bottles until I was almost cured. It did me more good than all the other medicines I had tried, put together.

My friends began asking me why I looked so well, and I told them about Cardui. Several are now taking it."

birthmark like—on the back of his right hand. I took notice of it when he—"

The Red Circle!" bellowed the chief, his nerves a-tingle, "the Red liceling?

Do you, lady reader, suffer from saw of the ailments due to womanly trouble, such as headache, backache, sideache, sideache, liceling?

If so, let us urge you to give Cardul a trial. We feel confident it will help you, just as it has a million other women in the past half century.

Begin taking Cardul to-day. You won't regret it. All druggists.

Theatre Advisory Dect. Challenbogs Medicine Co. Ladier Co. Challenbogs Tellus, first Co. Challenbogs C



"Co Along With This Young Fellow. Don't Let That Cost Out of Your

Here's her coat. The Veiled Woman's big black coat. I'll tell you later how I got it. Can't some of your born idiots chase around to all the tailor shops in a rush and find who it was made for? If they find that they'll find the Veiled Woman. And then the Red Circle will stop being a mystery; and maybe I can blow my

self to a decent night's sleen." The chief looked at his watch. "inside of half an hour." he said every first-class stere and tailor shop in town will be shut for the night And this coat came from a first-class place. Anyone can see that. We'll have to wait till tomorrow morning. Here," to his secretary. "Tell the de tective department to get busy on that tomorrow. First thing. Handle it care It's all gasoline and grease. Now, then, Max, my boy, let's hear

the story." June, coming out from the men's outfitting shop, carried a big and awk-ward bundle that she had refused to allow the obsequious clerk to send home for her. Her next visit was to a theatrical wigmaker. A few min-utes later she emerged, with a second and smaller package, got into the

limousine and went home. June went straight to her bedroom and dropped the parcels on a chair Thence she went into her sitting room -to find Mary waiting for her.

At sight of the loyal old woman the girl ru hed up to her and caught Mary "You dear! she exclaimed, in tear-

and she's clamped fast to the other out taking off his right-hand glove, he wrote a line or two cathe pad, tore off the sheet and handed it to Chief Allen. The chief read My name is Attman, ladies tailor Mr. Lamar wishes me to look at the

coat he left with you this afternoon. "Get it," Allen com anded his socretary. "It's that black coat I told you to take to the detect ve bureau. Presently the scretary returned with the coat.

The caller took the coat, handling it with the deft skill of a born garment-worker. At last, looking up from his inspec-

tion, he reached for his scratchpad. glancing doubtfully ace more at the coat, then scribbled I am almost sure this is one ours: but I can't swear to it. Kindly

let me take the cost and show it to

my head cutter. He will know at once. and our books will a low who bought The chief read the crawl, his bushy "Lord, man!" he broke out, "I can't

turn the thing over to you, like that. It is going to be need as evidence." The caller got up, as though to de "Held on," said Allen, on second thought, "You can take it. But I must send an officer with you to make sure

it gets back here all right when your cutter has had a lo . at it." Answering a surar ons, a policeman entered-a tall, lank man, new to the

force. "Meeks," instructe | Allen as the off cer saluted, "go alone with this young ful gratitude. "You dear! You splen- | fellow to his shop or wherever his cutdid old dear! It was wonderful of ter happened to be. on't let that coat Wonderful! Oh, there aren't out of your sight. And as soon as he's words to thank you! I never gone showing it to his cutter, bring it

Will you try to forgive me, in ad-

Read the Story In the Herald; See the Picture at the "B"